





HOSPITAL

LEAVES AND LYRICS

OR

MESSAGES OF COMFORT

COMPILED BY C. G. MCCULLOCH

33

"To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

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PREFACE.

THIS little Booklet has grown out of the "Flower and Leaflet Distribution," in the West-side Hospitals, Chicago.

It is designed to put into enduring form such leaflets as are best to distribute, every week, among the sick.

It is also intended to bring out something unique, for more general use, in Hospitals, Sanitariums, Prisons, and Church visitations.

Very many clergymen of the city have contributed to its pages; some authors of note have written original matter for the book. Publishers have authorized the use of matter for it, and numerous good men and women have made selections for it; and all have had pleasant words for the "Shut-in" people whom the "Hospital Leaves and Lyrics" is intended to visit.

The copyright belongs to the compiler, and the profits of the publication will go to the "Flower and Leaflet" fund, or some kindred cause.

"He gives but little, who gives but tears :
He gives his best, who aids and cheers."

C. G. McCulloch.

Chicago, June 1, 1892.

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HERE, LORD, WE OFFER TO THEE.

Here, Lord, we offer to Thee all that is
fairest,

Bloom from the garden, flowers from the
field ;

Gifts from the stricken ones, knowing Thou
carest

More for the love than the wealth that we
yield.

Send, Lord, by these, to the sick and the
dying ;

Speak to their hearts by a message of
peace ;

Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying ;
Grant the departing a gentle release.

Raise, Lord, to health again those who have
sickness,

Fair be their lives as the roses that bloom ;
Give of Thy grace to the souls Thou hast
quickened,

Gladness for sorrow, brightness for gloom.

We, Lord, must bloom and must wither ;

We, like the blossoms, must fade and must
die ;

Gather us, Lord, to thy bosom forever,

Grant us a place in Thy house in the sky.

Wilson Blunt.

C. G. McCulloch.

WHAT CAN IT MEAN?

What can it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the nights are long, and the days are
dim?

Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?
About His throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music and happy psalms,
And bliss, unruffled by any strife —
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me
While I live in this world where the sorrows
be!

When the lights die down from the path I
take;

When strength is feeble, and friends forsake;
When love and music, that once did bless,
Have left me to silence and loneliness,
And my life song changes to silent prayers —
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again,
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
Our Father stooped from His throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love;
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety, for He is nigh;
Can it be trouble which He doth share?
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord will care!

Marianne Farningham.

Selected by Rev. Henry Neil.

O LITTLE MAID, IN YOUR ROSEBUD
BOWER.

O little maid, in your rosebud bower,
Dreaming of growing old,
Wishing youth always would linger, a flower,
Never in haste to unfold ;
Lift from the shadow your sunshiny head !
Growing old is nothing to dread !

O little maid in the rose-tree shade,
See how its dry boughs shoot !
The green leaves fall, and the blossoms fade ;
But youth is a living root.
There are always buds in the old tree's heart,
Ready at beckon of spring to start.

O little maid, be never afraid
That youth from your heart will go :
Reach forth unto heaven, thro' shower and
shade ;

We are always young while we grow.
Breathe out in a blessing your happy breath ;
For love keeps the spirit from age and from
death.

Lucy Larcom.

Selected by Mrs. Ramoin.

Build a little fence of trust
Around TO-DAY ;
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay.

Mrs. Butts.

C. G. McCulloch.

SONG OF THE SILENT ONE.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all ;
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast ;
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down ;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.
But, oh ! 't is good to think of them
When we are troubled sore ;
Thanks be to God, that such have been,
Although they are no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there ;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore ;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God forevermore.

J. W. Chadwick.

GRASS AND ROSES.

I looked where the roses were blowing ;
They stood among grasses and reeds ;
I said, "Where such beauties are growing,
Why suffer these paltry weeds?"

Weeping, the poor things faltered,
"We have neither beauty nor bloom ;
We are grass in the roses' garden,
But our Master gives us this room.

"The slaves of a generous Master,
Borne from a world above,
We came to this place in His wisdom —
We stay to this hour from His love.

"We have fed His humblest creatures,
We have served him truly and long ;
He gave no grace to our features ;
We have neither color nor song ;

"Yet He who has made the roses
Placed us on the self-same sod ;
He knows our reason for being —
We are grass in the garden of God "

Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

Selected by Mrs. I. C. Silliman.

Something, my God, for Thee,
That each day's setting sun may bring
Some penitential offering ;
In Thy dear name some kindness done ;
To Thy dear love some wanderer won.

Selection by Mrs. Eliza Yates.

AND IS THERE, LORD, A REST ?

And is there, Lord, a rest
For weary souls designed ?
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Nor sorrow entrance find ?

Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live, and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat ?

Are there bright, happy fields
Where naught that blooms shall die ;
Where each new scene fresh pleasure
yields,
And healthful breezes sigh ?

Are there celestial streams,
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel dreams,
And flowery banks beside ?

My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given :
Then let me, gracious God, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven.

Ray Palmer.

IT IS NOT DEATH TO DIE.

It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,

* * * * *

And live among the just.

Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die ;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

H. A. Malan.

Selected by Rev. G. C. Shackelford.

My God, I thank thee thou hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light ;
So many noble things are here,
Noble and right.

Adelaide A. Proctor.

C. G. McCulloch.

THE NATIVITY.

Calm on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
When wild Judea stretches far,
Her silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there ;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holier heights,
The day-spring from on high.

O'er the blue depths of Galilee,
There comes a holier calm ;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem ;
The Saviour now is born ;
And bright, on Bethlehem's joyous plains,
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

E. H. Sears.

Selected by Miss Content Patterson.

Go, breathe it in the ear,
Of all who doubt and fear,
And say to them, "Be of good cheer."

H. W. Longfellow.

C. G. McCulloch.

COURAGE.

Give to the winds thy fears !
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
He shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands ;
To His sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom wind and seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Paul Gerhart.

Selected by Fanny H. Gallagher.

Life is good, and life is fair ;
Love awaits thee anywhere :
Love ! is love's immortal prayer.

Bayard Taylor.

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve
To curse myself and all who love me ? Nay,
A thousand times more good than I deserve,
God gives me every day.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

Selected by F. H. Revell.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you ;
Weep, and you weep alone ;
 For this brave old earth
 Must borrow its mirth ;
It has troubles enough of its own.

Sing, and the hills will answer ;
Sigh, and 't is lost on the air :
 The echoes rebound
 To a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Be glad, and your friends are many ;
Be sad, and you lose them all :
 There are none to decline
 Your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded ;
Fast, and the world goes by :
 Succeed and give,
 And it helps you live,
But it cannot help you die.

There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train ;
 But one by one
 We must all file on,
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Selected by E. W. Gillette.

IN THE NAME OF THE LORD.

Who is this that cometh in the dear Lord's
name?

Wan and drooping on his road, very faint and
lame,

Pale brow overshadowed, eyes all quenched
and dim,—

Is it Pain who cometh? Did the Lord send
him?

Who is this that cometh in the dear Lord's
name?

Meeting never praises, only tears and blame,
Mourning veil to hide him, eyes which tears
o'er-brim,—

Is it Grief who cometh? Did the Lord send
him?

Who is this that cometh in the dear Lord's
name?

In his strange and searching gaze burns a
pallid flame,

Mournful flowers crown his head, terrible and
grim,—

Is it Death who cometh? Did the Lord send
him?

Welcome Pain or Grief or Death, saying with
glad acclaim,

“Blessed be all who come to us in the dear
Lord's name.”

Susan Coolidge.

Selected by Alice M. Guernsey.

BE PATIENT.

They are such tiny feet !
They have gone such a little way to meet
The years which are required to break
Their steps to evenness, and make
Them go
More sure and slow.

They are such little hands !
Be kind — things are so new, and life but
stands
A step beyond the doorway. All around
New day has found
Such tempting things to shine upon ; and so
The hands are tempted oft, you know.

They are such fond, clear eyes,
That widen to surprise
At every turn ! They are so often held
To sun or showers — showers soon dispelled
By looking in our face ;
Love asks, for such, much grace.

They are such fair, frail gifts !
Uncertain as the rifts
Of light that lie along the sky —
They may not be here by and by.
Give them not love, but more — above
And harder — patience with the love.

THE GUEST.

Speechless Sorrow sat with me,
I was sighing wearily.
Lamp and fire were out ; the rain
Wildly beat the window-pane.
In the dark we heard a knock,
And a hand was on the lock ;
One in waiting spoke to me,
 Saying sweetly,
“I am come to sup with thee.”
All my room was dark and damp ;
“Sorrow,” said I, “trim the lamp,
Light the fire, and cheer thy face,
Set the guest-chair in its place ;”
And again I heard the knock ;
In the dark I found the lock.
“Enter ; I have turned the key ;
 Enter, stranger,
Who art come to sup with me.”
Opening wide the door, he came,
But I could not speak his name ;
In the guest-chair took his place,
But I could not see his face.
When my cheerful fire was gleaming,
And my little lamp was beaming,
And the feast was spread for three,
 Lo ! my Master
Was the Guest that supped with me.

Harriet Mc Ewen Kimball.

Selected by Chas. Ednad Cheny.

NATURE'S PROMISE.

The trees bore icicle fruit that day,
The nests held blossoms of snow,
And diamonds hung in glittering strings
Where roses were wont to grow.

“ And oh, for the daisies ! ” a sad heart said,
“ Oh, for a clover bloom !
Oh, for a lily tall and sweet
To shine in my darkened room ! ”

A boy ran singing after his kite,
Fast held by the tugging twine —
“ ’Tis winter to-day, but ’t will soon be May,
For the sun has crossed the line.”

To the fainting heart the glad words came,
Floating on frosty air,
Bringing a vision of sunny fields
And gardens sweet and fair ;

Of lilacs tossing their royal plumes,
Of the tulip’s turbaned head ;
Of jonquil’s breaking a faded sheath
To whiten the earth’s brown bed ;

Till life revived, and the sad heart said :
“ Let the season’s hope be mine,
Slowly my sun may be climbing
The hither side of the line.”

Mrs. M. F. Butts.

Selected by Mrs. L. S. Williston.

MY WORK.

I come to Thee, O Lord, for strength and
patience

To do Thy will ;
Help me, O Father, in this world of duty,
My place to fill.

I may not go and labor in Thy vineyard,
Where, through long hours,
Brave men and women toil, and from Thy
presses
The red wine pours.

My work, at home, lies with the olive
branches,
My field is there ;
To train them fitly for the heavenly garden
Needs all my care.

I may not, in the woods and on the mountains,
Seek Thy lost sheep ;
At home, a tender little flock of lambkins,
'T is mine to keep.

Thou givest us, Thy servants, each our life-
work ;
No trumpet tone
Shall tell the nations, in triumphant pealing,
How mine was done.

Mrs. M. P. Handy.

Selected by Mrs. H. R. Wilson.

SUN OF MY SOUL, THOU SAVIOUR DEAR.

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Has spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious word begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble.

Selected by Miss Van Swearingen.

Let all who are sad take heart again ;
We are not alone in our hours of pain ;
Our Father stooped from his throne above,
To soothe and quiet us with His love.

Mrs. Farningham.

C. G. McCulloch.

HAND IN HAND WITH ANGELS.

Hand in hand with angels,
Through the world we go ;
Brighter eyes are on us,
Than we blind ones know :
Tenderer voices cheer us,
Than we deaf will own ;
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels,
Walking every day ;
How the chain may lengthen,
None of us can say ;
But we know it reaches
From earth's lowliest one,
To the shining seraph
Throned beyond the sun.

Hand in hand with angels !
Blessed so to be ;
Helped are all the helpers,
Giving light, they see.
He who aids another
Strengthens more than one ;
Sinking earth he grapples
To the Great White Throne.

Lucy Larcom,

Selected by Anna P. Topliff.

NOT SHUT IN.

"Shut in!" did you say, my sisters?

Oh, no! Only led away
Out of the dust and turmoil,
The burden and heat of the day,
Into the cool, green pastures,
By the waters calm and still,
Where I may lie down in quiet,
And yield to my Father's will.

Earth's ministering ones come round me,
With faces kind and sweet,
And we sit and learn together
At the loving Saviour's feet;
And we talk of life's holy duties,
Of the crosses that lie in the way,
And they must go out and bear them,
While I lie still and pray.

I am not shut in, my sisters,
For the four walls fade away,
And my soul goes out in gladness,
To bask in the glorious day.

* * * * *

Selected by Miss Emma Peck.

Good bye, since you are gone, OLD YEAR!

And my PAST LIFE, Good bye!

I shed no tear upon your bier,

For it is well to die.

NEW YEAR, your worst will be my best —

What can old age want but rest?

R. H. Stoddard,

C. G. McCulloch,

GOING HOME.

Once past the gate, and there is no more
sorrow,

No tears, no pain ;
No separation on some coming morrow,
No night again !

The summer-land lies just beyond the portal ;
No heart has shared
The beauty of that lovely land, immortal,
For us prepared.

There's One who holds the keys—at His
commanding

Gates open wide ;
Completest love forevermore expanding,
No woes betide.

O homesick one ! art sad, or faint, or weary,
The morning late ?

Fields of immortal joy spread out before thee
Beyond the gate !

Selected by Rev. John L. Withrow.

We have no tears Thou wilt not dry ;
We have no wounds Thou wilt not heal ;
No sorrows pierce our human hearts,
That Thou, dear Saviour, dost not feel.

Thy pity like the dew distils ;
And Thy compassion, like the light,
Our every morning over-fills,
And crowns with stars our every night.

C. G. McCulloch.

FROM WINTER TO SPRING.

But yesterday, behind the crystal pane,
I saw the lovely hyacinths abloom,
Whose brilliant colors lighted up the gloom
That draped the street, a-drop with dismal
rain.

To-day, I see their samite bells again,
No longer shedding light as in a tomb ;
But on the ambient air their sweet perfume
Mocks not my charmèd sense with promise
vain.

A hundred leagues of travel in the night
Have wrought for me this transformation
spell,
And tossed me in the lap of beauteous
Spring —

While letters woo me for a further flight,
Which of the rose and orange blossoms
tell —

And glittering glances of the oriole's wing.
William C. Richards.

A TRIOLET.

I sing thee, love, a little song
Where could I find a sweeter theme?
By day my thought, at night my dream,
Gray Wisdom cannot deem it wrong.
I sing thee, love, a little song
Whose sweetness yet is only thine ;
And for thy praise in every line —
I sing thee, love, a little song.

William C. Richards.

Contributed by the author.

THE GATE CALLED BEAUTIFUL.

Lame from our birth ; and daily we are
brought,

And at the gate called Beautiful are laid ;
Sometimes its wonder makes us free and glad ;
Sometimes its grandeur makes us half
afraid.

This is the gate called Beautiful ; it swings
To music sweeter than was heard that day
When St. Cecilia, rapt in ecstasy,
Heard through her trance the angelic
roundelay.

And, at this gate, not at wide intervals,
Are we, lame from our birth, laid tenderly,
But daily ; and not one day passes by
That we look not upon this mystery.

Gate of the Temple ? surely it is that !

It opens not into vacuity ;
For all its beauty, it is not so fair
But that a greater beauty there can be !

Thy beauty, O my Father ! All is Thine ;
But there is beauty in Thyself, from whence
The beauty Thou hast made doth ever flow
In streams of never-failing affluence.

Thou art the Temple ! and though I am lame,
Lame from my birth, and shall be till I
die,—

I enter through the Gate called Beautiful,
And am alone with Thee, O Thou most
High !

John W. Chadwick.

Contributed by the author.

LOVE FOR THE DEAD.

We all know something of the love of the living ; what it is to love, and to be loved. We know the love of home, of fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters ; the love of friends and neighbors, and the larger love of country, and the flag that floats above and protects all these treasures of the heart.

We know, too, that the loves of earth live on through the years of youth and manhood ; are not weakened by distance or separation ; do not grow old with time. And we know, thank God ! that love is not quenched in death. All the impassioned love of our world for the living is poor and clouded and cold, compared with the changeless love that is cherished for the dead. Death is a beneficent angel ; it transfigures the love and beauty of earth into the idealized beauty and love of heaven. And all this sacred love of the living for the dead — pure and steady as the light of the stars — binds the two worlds together ; for love says that the dead live ; they have died, but they are not dead ; and they love us with a depth and tenderness ineffable. And often from their unseen home they may come to look upon those they love ; and unseen by our mortal eyes, they may walk by our side, and watch by our beds in the hours of suffering. *H. W. Thomas.*

Contributed by the author.

GOLD DUST FROM THE BIBLE.

O, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth forever. Let the redeemed of the Lord say, It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord, for he said, I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters.

In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.

Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

Even to your old age, and even to hoary hairs will I carry you; I will be with thee, I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. Weep not; the Lord God will wipe away tears from all faces.

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; I will instruct thee, I will guide thee with mine eye, I will make darkness light before thee, and crooked things straight.

Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart; he giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

Lean not unto thine own understanding; commit thy way unto the Lord; blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

Selected by Dr. Stehman.

HE LEADETH ME.

In pastures green? — Not always ; sometimes
He

Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night ;
I oft would faint with terror and with fright

Only for this — I know He holds my hand ;
So, whether in the green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters? — No ; not always so ;
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storm beats loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, " Lo, it is I."

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
" Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day ;
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, where He leads me I can safely go ;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.

Selected by Frances E. Willard.

I DO NOT ASK THAT LIFE MAY BE.

I do not ask that life may be,
O Lord, a pleasant road ;
Nor that Thou wouldest take from me
Aught of its weary load.

I do not ask to understand
My cup,—my way to see ;
Let me in darkness feel Thy hand
And simply follow Thee.

Joy is like day, but peace divine
May rule the quiet night ;
Lead me till perfect day shall shine,
O Lord, through peace to light.

Adelaide Ann Proctor.

Selected by Mary F. Algire.

EVENTIDE.

The babe, its white lids closed, afloat
In dreams, swings light in its fairy boat,
The flock returns to fold and rest,
The low-voiced dove seeks now its nest,
And I thy side.

A zephyr fine, a first pale star,
A fold my willing heart to bar,
A nest no morn bids me depart —
O Love, my perfect rest thou art,
My eventide.

Katharine E. Chapman.

Contributed by the author.

NIGHTFALL.

Now God be with us, for the night is closing,
The light and darkness are of His disposing ;
And 'neath His shadow, here to rest we
yield us :

For He will shield us.

Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us ;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father, o'er us ;
In soul and body, Thou from harm defend us ;
Thine angels tend us.

Let pious thoughts be ours, when sleep o'er-
takes us ;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine, when morn-
ing wakes us ;
All sick and mourners, we to Thee commend
them,
Do Thou befriend them.

We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
But Thee, O Father, who thine own hast
made us ;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us, now and ever.

Praise be to Thee, thro' Jesus our salvation,
God, always good, the Ruler of creation,
High throned, o'er all thine eye of mercy
casting,
Lord everlasting.

C. Winkworth.

Selected by Dr. Harriette Howe.

ONLY A LITTLE SPARROW.

Only a little sparrow,
Counted of low degree,
Taking no thought for the morrow,
For the dear Lord careth for me ;
He gave me a coat of feathers,
'T is very plain I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
For 't was not made for show.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap ;
God gives the sparrows their portion,
But never a *seed to keep*.
The seeds are sometimes scanty,
But hunger makes them sweet ;
I've always enough to feed me,
And life is more than meat.

Though there are many sparrows
All over the broad world found,
Surely our Father knoweth
If one of us falls to the ground ;
And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be ;
And he watches over my slumbers,
And harm cannot come to me.

EVERY DAY IS A NEW BEGINNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning ;
Every morn is the world made new ;
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you ;
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over ;
The tasks are done, and the tears are
shed ;
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover ;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and
bled, [has shed.
Are healed with the healing which night

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds
tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days
which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and
their blight, [night.
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful

Every day is a fresh beginning :
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted, and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

Susan Coolidge.

Selected by Mrs. John A. Roche.

BLESSED ARE THEY.

To us across the ages borne,
Comes the deep word the Master said :
"Blessed are they that mourn,
They shall be comforted !"

Strange mystery ! is it better, then,
To weep and yearn and vainly call
'Till peace is won from pain,
Than not to grieve at all ?

Yea, truly, though joy's note be sweet,
Life does not thrill to joy alone ;
The heart is incomplete
That has no deeper tone.

Who only scans the heavens by day,
Their story but half reads, and mars ;
Let him learn how to say,
"The night is full of stars !"

We seek to know Thee more and more,
Dear Lord, and count our sorrows blest,
Since sorrow is the door
Whereby thou enterest.

Nor can our hearts so closely come
To Thine, in any other place,
As where, with anguish dumb,
We faint in Thine embrace.

R. W. Raymond.

Selected by Dr. Lyman Abbott.

ASSURED.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles, I long ;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

And so beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from Him can come to me,
On ocean or on shore.

John G. Whittier.

Selected by Mrs. Jennie C. Vail.

Little birds sit on the telegraph wires,
And chitter, and flitter, and fold their wings :
Little things light on the lines of our lives,—
Hopes and joys and acts of to-day ;
And we think for these the Lord contrives,
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say.
Yet from end to end His meaning arrives,
And His word runs underneath all the way.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

Selected by Miss M. E. Scates.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
Nearer my home to-day, am I
Than ever I've been before ;
Nearer my Father's house
Where many mansions be,
Nearer my Saviour's glorious throne,
Nearer the crystal sea ;
Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down ;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross ;
Nearer to gain the crown.
But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the deep and unknown
stream
That leads at last to light.
Father, perfect my trust !
Strengthen my power of faith ;
Nor let me stand at last alone,
Upon the shore of death.

Phæbe Carey.

Selected by Rev. F. E. Clark.

As I was gathering violets in the snow,
Methought how often, when the heart is low,
And nature grieves,
The buds of simple faith will meekly blow,
'Neath frosted leaves. *E. H.*

Selected by Mrs. Geo. H. Gilbert.

FATHER, I KNOW THAT ALL MY LIFE.

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me ;
The changes that will surely come,
I do not fear to see ;
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching, wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask, denied ;
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side ;
Content to fill a little space
If Thou be glorified.

Anna Letitia Waring.

Selected by Hannah Best, Burlington, Ia.

I SAW THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

I saw the little children round Thee press,
Each in its turn receiving thy caress ;
How tender was Thy touching of these
flowers,
The fairest things in this dark world of ours,
And nearest heaven in their innocence.

A. E. Haynard.

Selected by Mrs. S. J. Willoughby.

I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP.

I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold ;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home ;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone ;
They bound me with the bands of love ;
They saved the wandering one.

Jesus my Shepherd is,
'T was He that loved my soul ;
'T was He that washed me in his blood,
'T was He that made me whole.
'T was He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'T was He that brought me to the fold,
'T is He that still doth keep.

Horatius Bonar.

Selected by Martha Algire.

SOME OF THE TREASURES OF HEAVEN.

What are the elements entering into the eternal enjoyment of God? What are the pleasures which are forevermore abundant at God's right hand? There is, first, the joy of being at home in our Father's house. At home! AT HOME! Can you exhaust the sweet wonder of those words? Gather into your mind all that home, in its ideal forms, has meant to your imagination on earth, and lift it to the eternal sphere. Home, *my* home! The weary toiler thinks of it as a place of rest. The man tired of life's battles flees to it for the peace which there broods like an angel of God. Amid the ugliness of human life, *there* is beauty. Amid the strifes of men, *there* is love, familiar, trusting, household love. A traveler comes home from a long journey on a night of storm. She is weary and has known sorrow while away. But from the darkness and the snow-drifts, she enters the one dearest house on the earth. Bright rooms, cheerful with warmth, receive her, and happy faces greet her, and love gives the welcome her wounded heart needs, and she thinks, as such a one said to me, "that dying and going to heaven is like that." It is being at home with God. O the peace of it! How many an anxious and tired mother, looking at her great family of children, has sighed, "O what

a blessed relief if we were all safe in our Father's house!" How sweet the thought of being in the Father's house, with all the familiarity which home implies,—a home in which the Lord God shall be the light bathing you eternally. *John Henry Barrows.*

Contributed by the author

GOD'S ANVIL.

Personal afflictions are God's pre-announcements as to who shall wear the crowns. May this selection for "Leaves and Lyrics" be blest to some furnace-tried one.

Pain's furnace-heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the breath doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow:
And yet I whisper, "As God will,"
And in his hottest fire, hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into His own fair shape to beat it,
With his great hammer, blow on blow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will,"
And at his heaviest blows, hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it;
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will,"
And in His mighty hand, hold still.

Selected by Rev. E. P. Goodwin.

ALL, ALL FOR THEE.

“Unto you it is given, in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe in Him, but also to suffer for His sake.”

“All, all for Thee!” O take me now entirely!

Retune each note with Thine own gentle hand;

I give myself afresh into Thy keeping,
To do or suffer, as Thou shalt command.

I give my heart, I long to love Thee better
Than ever I have done in years before,
That all I do may be a “joy, not duty;”
Lord Jesus, grant it — may I love Thee more!

I give my will — O Master, do receive it!
It must rebel in any care but Thine!
I cannot keep it, it is so self-pleasing;
What rest to think it is no longer mine!

“All, all for Thee!” Myself in all my weakness,

Unfit, alone, the feeblest chord to raise,
An instrument discordant, worn and worthless,

But ready to be used to sound Thy praise.

O Master, by Thine own most Holy Spirit,
Send heavenly music o’er the earth
through me!

So true, so beautiful, so soul-refreshing,
That those who hear it may learn more
of Thee.

Charlotte Murray.

Selected by Mrs. E. P. Goodwin.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

I thought her given a charge to me ;
I took her with a trembling pride,
Remembering what earth's dangers be,
And asking on my bended knee,
God's wisdom for my guide.

I looked upon her innocence,
Then forward thro' the coming years ;
And thought my earth-experience
Should shield her soul from all offense,
And keep her eyes from tears.

What solemn joy to lead her feet
Through Life's bewildering, changeful
land,
To tell her all the sad and sweet,
That makes Life's mystery complete,
And lend her strength to stand.

Ah, fond and foolish was my pride,
And fond and foolish was my fear ;
She had no need of earthly guide ;
'T was not for that she sought my side,
And sojourned with me here.

Not she my charge ; but rather, I
To her bright guidance had been given ;
She came within my arms to lie,
That she might know me by and by,
Amid the throngs of heaven.

R. W. Raymond.

Selected by Mrs. S. Ives Curtiss.

OSCAR C. MC CULLOCH.

(*Sepulture, Dec. 12, 1891.*)

What would best please our friend, in token of
The sense of our great loss? Our sighs and
tears?

Nay, these he fought against through all his
years,

Heroically voicing high above

Grief's ceaseless minor, moaning like a dove,

The pæan triumphant that the soldier hears,

Scaling the walls of death, midst shouts and
cheers,

The old flag laughing in his eyes' last love.

Nay, then, to pleasure him were it not meet

To yield him bravely, as his fate arrives?

Drape him in radiant roses, head and feet,

And be partakers, while his work survives,

Of his fair fame, paying the tribute sweet

To all humanity — our noblest lives.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Knights of the Round Table, bound

To reach the heathen and uphold the Church,

To ride abroad, redressing human wrongs,

To speak no slander, nor listen to it,

To lead sweet lives, in purest chastity,

To teach high thought and amiable words,

And courtliness, and the desire of fame,

And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

Tennyson.

Selected by C. G. McCulloch.

WHEN THOSE WE LOVE ARE DEAD.

When those we love are dead,—
Though they have faithful been, and kind, and
true,—
They cannot hear our words of tardy praise,
Nor see the flowers remorseful passion lays
O'er their still hearts ; no whisper trembles
through
The silence of the dead.

When those we love are dead,
Their faults are all forgot and put aside,
Their little frailties we forgive, and say,
If they could walk beside us one more day,
And be to us as if they had not died,
Such tears we might not shed.

If they again were here,
How we would tell them of our love so true,
And help them bear their burdens day by day,
And often fair and fragrant flowers would lay
In weary fingers ; ah, so much we 'd do
To make their path less drear !

If friends *are* with us yet,
Let us more patient be, and kind and sweet ;
With words of cheer, and gifts, and thought-
ful ways,
Make glad and beautiful their passing days,
So that, when marble stands at head and feet,
Grief be not all regret.

Selected by Dr. George E. Shipman.

THE HILLS OF THE LORD.

God plowed one day with an earthquake,
And drove his furrows deep !
The huddling plains upstarted,
The hills were all a-leap !

But that is the mountain's secret,
Age-hidden in their breast ;
"God's peace is everlasting,"
Are the dream-words of their rest.

He hath made them the haunt of beauty,
The home elect of His grace ;
He spreadeth His mornings on them,
His sunsets light their face.

His winds bring messages to them,
Wild storm-news from the main ;
They sing it down to the valleys
In the love-song of the rain.

And lo, I have caught their secret,
The beauty deeper than all,
This faith, — that life's hard moments,
When the jarring sorrows befall,

Are but God, plowing his mountains ;
And the mountains yet shall be
The source of His grace and freshness,
And His peace everlasting to me.

Whitefield, 1870.

W. B. Gannet.

Contributed by the author.

YET ONWARD.

I thank Thee, Lord, for precious things
Which Thou into my life hast brought ;
More gratefully my spirit sings
Its thanks for all I yet have not.

How fair Thy world to me has been !
How dear the friends who breathe its
air !
But who can guess what waits within
Thine opening realms, Thy worlds more
fair ?

Dear voyagers, though each nearing oar
Around, is music to my ear,
Sweeter to hear, far on before,
Some swifter boatman call, "Good Cheer !"

At friendly shores, at peaceful isles,
I touch, but may not long delay,
Where Thy flushed East with mystery
smiles,
I steer into the unrisen day.

For veils of hope before Thee dawn,
For mists that hint the immortal coast,
Hid in thy farthest, faintest dawn—
My God, for these I thank Thee most.

Lucy Larcom.

Selected by Mrs. Ella F. Messinger.

QUEEN OF THE MAY.

Day of the Crucified Lord's Resurrection ;
Day that the Lord by His triumph hath
made ;

Day of Redemption's seal of perfection ;
Day of the crown of His power displayed ;
Beautiful Easter, dazzlingly bright ;
Sun-Day that filleth all Sundays with light !

Queen of all festivals ; glad culmination
Of the bright feasts that encircle the year,
Glimpsing the Life in a transfiguration,
That shall at length in its glory appear.
Beautiful Easter, day in its hight ;
Sun-Day that filleth all Sundays with light !

Banish the gloom in the house of the mourner,
Keeping the vigil that sorrow compels ;
Melt the cold walls of that prison forlorn
Where unbelief in its solitude dwells ;
Beautiful Easter, dazzlingly bright ;
Sun-Day that filleth all Sundays with light !

He who redeemeth, consoleth, forgiveth,
Who His own body raised up from the dead,
Holdeth all evil in bondage and liveth,
Source of all blessing, our Life and our
Head,—

It is His Glory that maketh thee bright,
Sun-Day that filleth all Sundays with light !

Harriet Mc Ewen Kimball.

Selected by Miss Mary Chamberlain.

AWAY AND AWAY WITH THE BREEZES !

“Away and away with the breezes,
At play with the young budding boughs,
Tossing the plumes of the larches,
Bending the green birchen arches,
Telling the pine-trees that March is
The maddest and gladdest carouse !

“We ’ll hie to the moss-mantled forest,
And pinch every bud as we pass ;
The leaflets will leap out to greet us,
The crocuses spring up to meet us,
The shy little daisies entreat us
To kiss their pink lips thro’ the grass.

“The hillsides are breaking in blossom,
The daffodil romps on the lea,
Her kirtle of gold she is sporting,
While pretty red nettle goes courting ;
And ‘lords’ their fair ‘ladies’ escorting
Stand sceptered and stately to see.”

Selected by Mrs. H. F. Hallé.

Hark ! the lilies whisper
Tenderly and low,
“In our grace and beauty,
See how fair we grow.”
Hark ! the roses speaking,
Telling all abroad,
Their sweet, wondrous story
Of the love of God.

Selected by C. G. McCulloch.

MESSAGE OF A ROSE.

One day, going through the hospital, with flowers, I came to the cot of a woman, who was evidently dying. A patient little Norway woman,—for six weary months she had been wearing out, in silence and pain, until the end had now come. But all of her “best things” had long before been packed up, and sent on to heaven. I spoke to her, and took her hand, wishing to say some “last words ;” but she seemed not to know me, and I passed on to others. But on looking back, I saw her hand raised ; and I returned, and put a white rose into it. She slowly put it to her face, and the faintest expression of pleasure passed over her features. I said, “Good-bye” to the sweet Norwegian woman ; the glazed eyes could not speak, but the lips seemed to say, “Good-bye.” Before morning, she was with the angels.

C. G. McCulloch.

The weariest and forlornest day is blest
At sight of any little common flower
That warms her pallid fingers in the sun,
And has no garment but her loveliness.

Alice Carey.

And 't is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

Wordsworth.

NEARING HOME.

“He is rapidly failing,” — so smooth came the
stroke
Down the telegraph line. Thro’ the silence
it broke
On a heart well inured to such crushes ere now ;
And yet it was strange. That father whose
brow
Was held clear toward Heaven, and level to
men,
Through the storms that blew out of the three
score and ten,
Whose strength seemed perennial, like that
of the pine, —
“He is failing,” — strange words down the
telegraph line.

Groans the train through the night, thro’ city
and land :
The race is with Death, for the grasp of that
hand.
“Nearing home, — nearing home,” sing the
wheels as they fly :
I, swift to the home that has drawn me for
years,
And he unto his, in the sphere beyond spheres :
To the father on earth, through the gloom-
gates of even ;
To the Father above, through the pearl-gates
of heaven.

Chas. L. Thompson.

Contributed by the author.

SECOND SIGHT.

Beneath all form and rite and creed,
Behind all hymn and litany,
Beyond all outward word or deed
My heart makes search, O Lord, for
Thee.

Unreal to my weary mind
Thy very truths and sacraments,
Unless in these Thyself I find,
And find in Thee their inner sense.

I sorely need Thee for my friend ;
Without Thee all is loneliness ;
Where but in Thee can wandering end,
Who else can cure a soul's distress ?

O Son of God and Son of Man !
Thou knowest what I cannot say.
I hold Thee fast as best I can ;
Thrust not my feeble faith away.

Forgive me that I cannot speak
What once I thought so well I knew !
I only know my flesh is weak ;
I only know that Thou art true.

My willing spirit bends to Thee,
And in the watches of my night,
It is my sole security
That what Thou orderest must be right.

M. Woolsey Stryker.

Contributed by the author.

LEAVE GOD TO ORDER ALL THY WAYS.

This is selected for "Leaves and Lyrics," because it was a life-long favorite of Rev. Oscar C. McCulloch.

Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him, whate'er betide ;
Thou 'lt find Him in the evil days,
An all-sufficient strength and guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the Rock that naught can move.

What can these anxious cares avail,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs ?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies ?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

Only your restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love hath sent ;

He knows when joyful hours are best ;
He sends them as He sees it meet ;
When thou hast borne its fiery test,
And now art freed from all deceit,
He comes to thee, all unaware,
And makes thee own His loving care.

George Newmark.

Selected by C. G. McCulloch.

HE LEADS US ON.

He leads us on
By paths we did not know ;
Upward He leads us, though our steps be
slow,
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the
day,
Yet, when the clouds are gone,
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on
Through the unquiet years,
Past all our dreamland hopes and fears,
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled
maze
Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days,
We know his will is done ;
And still He leads us on.

And He, at last,
After the weary strife,—
After the restless fever we call life,—
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have passed in
vain,
After our toils are past,
Will give us rest at last.

Unknown.

JUST BE GLAD.

O heart of mine, we should n't
Worry so !
What we've missed of calm we could n't
Have, you know !
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour,
We have known ;
When the tears fell with the shower
All alone —
Were not shine and shower blent
As the gracious Master meant ?
Let us temper our content
With his own.

For we know not every sorrow
Can be sad ;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Selected by Mrs. E. W. Gillette.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no mourning at the bar,
When I put out to sea.
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the
boundless deep,
Turns home again.
Twilight and evening bell,
And, after that, the dark :
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.
For though, from out the bourne of Time
and Place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot, face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.

Tennyson.

Selected by Miss Ruth Fletcher.

“Consider the lilies of the field : how they grow.”

— They do not toil :

Contented with their allotted task,
They do but grow ; they do not ask
A richer lot, a higher sphere.
But in their loveliness appear,
And grow, and smile, and do their best,
And unto God they leave the rest.

Marianne Farningham.

Selected by Mrs. A. B. Mead.

MINISTRY.

Since service is the highest lot,
And all are in one Body bound,
In all the world the place is not
Which may not with this bliss be
crowned.

The sufferer on the bed of pain
Need not be laid aside from this ;
But for each kindness gives again
“ This joy of doing kindnesses.”

The poorest may enrich the feast,
Not one lives only to receive ;
But renders through the hands of Christ
Richer returns than man can give.

The little child, in trustful glee,
With love and gladness brimming o'er,
Many a cup of ministry
May for the weary veteran pour.

This by the ministries of prayer,
The loneliest life with blessings crowds,
Can consecrate each petty care,
Make angels' ladders out of clouds.

Nor serve we only when we gird
Our hearts for special ministry ;
That creature best has ministered
Which is what it was meant to be.

Selected by Mrs. D. S. Munger.

LIKE A CRADLE ROCKING, ROCKING.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow :
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best ;
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds the closest, loves the best.

O, great heart of God ! whose loving
Cannot hindered be, nor crossed,
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost,—
Love divine ! of such great loving,
Only mothers know the cost,—
Cost of love, which all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost.

Saxe Holm.

QUIET, LORD, MY FROWARD HEART.

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanéd child,
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleaseth Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to thy wisdom leave ;
'T is enough that Thou wilt care ;
Why should I the burden bear ?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir one step alone ; —
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide."

Newton.

Selected by Mrs. F. A. Noble.

" One thing we'll find, on looking back
On God's o'ershadowing care,
And that is this, when we need help,
He helps us where we are.
He does not take from us the hurt,
But makes the hurt His own,
And comes to us and helps us bear
What we can't bear alone."

Selected by C. G. McCulloch.

COMMUNION.

My child, it is not necessary to know much to please me—it is sufficient to love much. Speak to me as thou wouldst to a mother, if she drew thee near to her.

Do not hesitate to ask me for blessings for the body and mind, for health, memory, and success. I can give all things, and I always give when blessings are needed to render souls more holy.

To-day, what wilt thou have, my child? If thou knewest how I long to do thee good! Hast thou plans that occupy thee? Lay them all before me. Do they concern thy vocation? What dost thou desire? Ask much, ask much. Ask for me—hast thou no zealous thought for me? Dost thou not wish to do a little good to the souls of thy friends whom thou lovest and who have perhaps forgotten me?

Hast thou promises to make to me? I can read the depths of thy heart. Thou knowest thou canst deceive men, but not God. Be, then, sincere. Bring me all thy failures and I will show thee the cause of them. Hast thou not troubles? O my child, tell them to me fully. Who has caused thee pain? Tell me all, and thou wilt finish by adding that thou wilt forget, and I will bless thee.

TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of
day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou
pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do Thee
wrong,
As darkly limned upon the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

* * * * *

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my
heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

William Cullen Bryant.

Selected by Mrs. Prof. Boardman.

THANKSGIVING.

For the earth and all its beauty ;
The sky and all its light ;
For the dim and soothing shadows
That rest the dazzled sight ;
For unfading fields and prairies,
Where sense in vain has trod ;
For the world's exhaustless beauty,
I thank Thee, O my God.

For an eye of inward seeing,
A soul to know and love,
For these common aspirations,
That our high heirship prove ;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath Thy smite, Thy rod ;
For the amaranth saved from Eden,
I thank Thee, O my God.

For the hidden Scroll, o'erwritten,
With one dear name adored ;
For the heavenly in the human ;
The spirit in the Word ;
For the tokens of Thy presence,
Within, above, abroad ;
For Thine own great gift of Being,
I thank Thee, O my God.

Lucy Larcom.

Contributed by the author,

Reputation is what men and women think of us ; character is what God and the angels know of us.

THE LORD KNOWETH.

The Lord knoweth
When each hot tear floweth
From eyes of those who suffer while they
 pray ;
He knows their sorrow,
And in the glad to-morrow,
Will wipe, in gentleness, will wipe these tears
 away.

The Lord knoweth
When the slow pulse showeth
That we are drawing near to Jordan's strand ;
When our heart faileth,
Then His strength availeth,
And brings us safely to the better land.

The Lord knoweth !
If your faint heart troweth
It is uncared for by its God above,
Oh, doubt no longer,
But in this be stronger,
He knoweth all things, and His name is Love.

G. Z. G.

Selected by Mrs. Alice L. Williams,

Some of your griefs you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived,
But what torments of pain you endured
From evils that never arrived.

Selected by C. G. McCulloch.

WE SIT BESIDE THE LOWER FEAST TO-DAY.

We sit beside the lower feast to-day,

She, at the higher ;

Our voices falter as we bend to pray :

In the great Choir

Of happy saints she sings, and does not tire.

We break the bread of patience, and the wine

Of tears we share ;

She tastes the vintage of that glorious vine,

Whose branches fair,

Set for the healing of all nations are.

I wonder is she sorry for our pain,

Or if, grown wise,

She wondering smiles, and counts them idle,
vain,

These heavy sighs,

These longings for her face and happy eyes.

Smile on then, darling, as God's will is best ;

We lose our hold,

Content to leave thee to the deeper rest,

The safer fold —

To joy's immortal youth, while we grow old ;

Content the cold and wintry day to bear,

The icy wave,

And know thee in immortal summer there,

Beyond the grave,

Content to give thee to the Son that gave.

Susan Coolidge.

Contributed by the author.

THE TWO TALENTS.

Since thou, dear Lord, hast not conferred on me
Those larger gifts bestowed upon the few,
Is there no work on earth for me to do?
Must I an idler in the vineyard be?—

Nay, Lord, if I to Thee would still be true.

That which I cannot, Thou dost never ask;
All that I can, Thou ever wilt demand
With promise, that in Thee I may command
Strength for the day, and its appointed task:
And yet, O Lord, how oft I nerveless stand.

Quicken me, Lord; help me to watch, to pray,
That in the things committed to my care
I may be faithful, both to do and bear;
And at Thy coming may I hear Thee say:

*Well done; the less shall with the greater
share.*

A. D. F. Randolph.

Contributed by the author.

I am so glad! it is such rest to know
That Thou hast ordered and appointed all,
And wilt yet order and appoint my lot,
For, though so much I cannot understand,
And would not choose, has been, and yet
may be,
Thou choosest! Thou performest! Thou,
my Lord,—
This is enough for me.

Mrs. F. R. Havergal.

Selected by Miss Lena J. Moore.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

How far is it now to the city of gold,
To the gate where the pilgrim his burden
lays down,

How long ere my eyes shall the vision behold
Of the King on whose head resteth many a
crown ?

These shadows that follow the hastening sun
Say the way is now shorter by far than
before ;

The leagues are but few that remain to be run,
And thy footfall shall be on the amaranth
shore.

How sweet that some gleam of its beauty
may fall

O'er the soul of each homeward-bound
traveler at eve,

From fear every fearful one gently to call,
And to drop its high calm into spirits that
grieve.

Make clearer my sight for the kingdoms un-
seen,

As the night thickens round me, O Jesus,
my King ;

And peace, Thine own peace, with its rapture
serene,

Fill each soul seeking rest 'neath the good
Father's wing.

Mrs. Geo. H. Gilbert.

Contributed by the author.

WHETHER THERE MANY BE, OR FEW.

Whether there many be, or few,
Elect the heavenly goal to win,
Truly, I know not : this I know,
That none who walk with footsteps slow,
That none who fight with hearts untrue,
That none who serve with service cold,
The Eternal City can behold,
Or enter in !

Whether there many be who thrive,
In their vast suit for that vast love,
Truly, I know not : this I know,
That love lives not in outward show ;
That but to seek, is not to strive ;
That thankless praises, empty prayers,
Can claim no bond, for will of theirs
His court to move.

How long the door, unfastened now,
Shall open by His grace remain,
Truly, I know not : this I know,
If once that grace aside He throw,
No tear, no sigh, no anguished vow,
Gnashing of teeth, wringing of hands,
Shall draw the bolts, and loose the bands
Ever again.

From Morning Thoughts.

Selected by Mrs. F. M. Spooner.

In nothing be anxious : but in everything
by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving,
let your requests be made known unto God.

C. G. McCulloch.

TIRED.

“So tired, so tired, my heart and I!” — *E. B. Browning.*

What though we're tired, my heart and I?

It matters not, there's more to come ;

We must live on, we cannot die, —

Must rise and gird our armor on.

We must be strong, my heart and I,

For heavy burdens weigh us down,

They press so hard ; yet they must try

To lift the cross who'd wear the crown.

We must be brave, my heart and I —

We have no time to give to tears

For broken hopes, that ruined lie

Along the pathway of the years.

We must look up, my heart and I,

Straight on, where Faith and Hope are
seen,

With eager step and earnest eye,

With steady trust and steadfast mien.

Look up, not down ; look on, not back,

And grasp the hand of faith secure,

For “not a good thing shall he lack”

Who thus “through all things shall en-
dure.”

“Tired out,” you say ; nay, nay, not so !

For “as thy day thy strength shall be,”

And He who bids you “rise and go,”

Has also said, “Come, follow me !”

Selected by Miss Harriet Frame.

A SONG FOR TO-DAY.

Groweth the morning from gray to gold ;
Up, my heart, and greet the sun !
Yesterday's cares are a tale that is told.
Yesterday's tasks are a work that is done.

Yesterday's failures are all forgot,
Buried beneath the billows of sleep ;
Yesterday's burdens are as they were not,
Lay them low in the soundless deep !

Share thy crust and ask no dole ;
Offer the cup thou wouldst never drain ;
Only he who saveth his soul,
Loseth all that he fain would gain.

Smile with him who has gained his desire ;
Smile the gladder if at thy cost —
It was his to win and thine to aspire,
It is his to-day that loved the most.

Pluck the flower that blooms at thy door,
Cherish the love that the day may send ;
Cometh an hour when all thy store
Vainly were offered for flower or friend.

Gratefully take that which life offereth,
Looking to heaven nor seeking reward,
So shalt thou find, come life, come death,
Earth and the sky are in sweet accord.

Louise Manning Hodgkins.

Contributed by the author.

Sunday-School Times.

GOD WATCHETH MY STEPS.

God watcheth my steps, and guardeth my
way,

Defends me from ills that chance to assail,
Keeps vigil by night, gives counsel by day,
With patience and love that never can fail.

Chorus:

I am safe in His care,
While He standeth near ;
While God watcheth o'er me,
Nevermore need I fear

In hours filled with hope, in days that are
light,

He adds to my peace, He deepens my joys,
And in every path that is sunny and bright,
I'm held by His hand, I'm led by His voice.

In sorrow and trial, in darkness and shade,

In days without hope, in hours that are sad,
He draweth anear, He renders me aid,
He comforts my griefs, He maketh me glad.

When distant from friends, and exiled from
home,

His presence I feel, at sea and on land ;
When o'er the wide world a stranger I roam,
I find him a friend — I cling to His hand.

Selected by Miss Emma Dyen.

JESUS OUR LEADER.

Feeble, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die ?
Who, O God, my guide shall be ?
Who shall lead thy child to thee ?

Blessed Father ! gracious One,
Thou hast sent thy holy Son ;
He will give the light I need ;
He my trembling steps will lead.

Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever lean on Him :
From his precepts wisdom draw,
Make his life my solemn law.

Thus in deed and thought and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die.

Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above ;
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee, my Father, near.

William Henry Furness.

Selected by Mrs. Prof. Wilcox.

The woe to come, the woe that's gone ;
Philosophy thinks calmly on ;
But show me the philosopher
Who calmly bears the woes that are.

C. G. McCulloch.

SOFT THE DEWS OF EVENING FALL.

Soft the dews of evening fall,
Twilight with its friendly pall,
Folds about earth's beating heart,
Bids the weary day depart.
Through the cool and darkling air,
Father, hear our evening prayer.

All the long, bright, busy day,
Toil has worn our strength away ;
Trembling limbs and furrowed brow,
At the mercy seat we bow.
Thou canst lift each weight of care,
Father, hear our evening prayer.

We are faint ! Temptations strong.
In a vast and rapid throng,
Oft our sinking souls assail,
Let them not, O Lord, prevail.
Be our guard in every snare,
Father, hear our evening prayer.

Keep us 'till morn's rosy gleam
Wakens us from happy dream ;
Give us daily strength and peace,
'Till life's days and nights shall cease.
Then, Thy final rest to share,
Father, hear our evening prayer.

Virginia Terhune.

Selected by Mrs. E. P. Rice.

“And in the night-time, it shall be light.”

— *Bible.*

C. G. McCulloch.

HOW KIND OUR FATHER'S VOICE.

How kind our Father's voice !

All may draw near in prayer :
Cast down their burden at His feet,
And meekly leave it there.

His wisdom orders all,
His power not less controls ;
His love makes all things work for good,
To trusting, loving souls.

Sorrows and fears and cares,
But waste the heart and mind ;
While they who humbly rest in God,
Both strength and comfort find.

He grants their spirits peace,
And so He gives them power ;
For still with peace comes mighty love,
Our greatest, holiest dower.

O hear then, all, His voice ;
Draw near with praise and prayer ;
Cast down your burden at His feet,
And meekly leave it there.

Thomas Davis.

Selected by Mrs. Frank Clark.

There is no day so dark
But thro' the murk, some ray of hope may steal,
Some blessed touch from Heaven that we
might feel,
If we but choose to mark.

Celia Thaxter.

Selected by Mrs. Charles W. Earll.

PROPHECIES.

Sometime you will look back to these bright
days

With tearful eyes,
And think of all our quiet, happy ways
With sobs and sighs.

You will remember how we read or talked
In this dear room ;

Or, summer evenings, how we rode or walked
Through fragrant gloom.

Sometimes alone, or in the busy throng
Again will ring,

Soft, clear, and sweet, an echo of some song
We used to sing ;

And oft, awake or sleeping, you'll recall
This cozy room —

Books, music, e'en the pictures on the wall
And flowers in bloom.

You will remember every tender word

You've said to me,
The knowledge that you've spoken no harsh
word

Will comfort thee.
Sometime you'll weep and pray, but all in
vain —

As far you roam.
For one short hour to rest from grief and pain
In this sweet home.

Selected by Miss Harriet Kingsley.

NATURE'S PROPHECY.

I have seen the rose in its beauty ;
I returned — it was dying upon its stalk,
And the grace of the form of it was gone.

I looked again ; it had sprung forth
afresh ;

The stem was crowned with new buds,
And the sweetness thereof filled the air.

I have seen the sun set in the west,
And gloom and darkness brooded around ;
There was no color, nor shape, nor music.

I looked ; the sun looks forth again from
the east,

The lark rose to meet him from her low
nest,

And the shades of darkness fled away.

I have seen the insect spinning its tomb ;
It was shrouded in its silken cone,
And lay without shape or power to move.

I looked again : it had burst its tomb ;
It rejoiced in its new being,
And sailed on colored wings through the
soft air.

Shall the rose bloom anew, and shall Man
perish ?

Shall affection sleep in the ground,
And the light of wisdom be quenched in the
dust ?

Selected by Miss Anna Taylor.

COMPENSATION.

She folded up the worn and mended frock,
And smoothed it tenderly upon her knee,
Then through the soft web of a wee red sock
She wove the bright wool, musing thought-
fully,

“Can this be all? The great world is so fair,
I hunger for its green and pleasant ways,
A cripple prisoned in her restless chair,
Looks from her window with a wistful gaze.

“The fruits I cannot reach are red and sweet,
The paths forbidden are both green and
wide ;

O God ! there is no boon to helpless feet,
So altogether sweet a path denied.

Home is most fair ; bright are my household
fires,

And children are a gift without alloy ;
But who would bound the field of her desires
By the prim hedges of mere fireside joy ?

“I can but weave a faint thread to and fro
Making a frail woof in a baby's sock ;
Into the world's sweet tumult I would go,
At its strong gates my trembling hand would
knock.”

Just then the children came, the father, too,
Their eager faces lit the twilight gloom,
“Dear heart,” he whispered, as he nearer drew,
“How sweet it is within this little room !

* * * * *

“Tell me, dear one, who is so safe as I?
Home is the pasture where my soul may feed,
This room a paradise has grown to be,
And only where these patient feet shall lead
Can it be home for these dear ones and me.”

He touched with reverent hand the helpless
feet,

The children crowded close and kissed her
hair.

“Our mother is so good and kind and sweet,
There’s not another like her anywhere!”

The baby in her low bed opened wide

The soft blue flowers of her timid eyes,
And viewed the group about the cradle side
With smiles of glad and innocent surprise.

The mother drew the baby to her knee,
And smiling said: “The stars shine soft
to-night ;

My world is fair ; the hedges sweet to me,
And whatsoever is, dear Lord, is right.”

Selected by Mrs. Prof. Fiske.

Every phase of human sorrow fills the path
we tread to-day ;

Harps are hanging on the willows, souls are
fainting by the way ;

But there still is balm in Gilead, though here
on earth we weep ;

God, within the many mansions, giveth his
beloved sleep.

Selected by C. G. McCulloch.

What asks our Father of His children, save
Justice and mercy and humility,—

A reasonable service of good deeds ;
Pure living, tenderness to human needs,
Reverence, and trust, and prayer for light to
see

The Master's footprints in our daily ways ?
No knotted scourge, nor sacrificial knife,
But the calm beauty of an ordered life,
Whose every breathing is unworded praise.

John G. Whittier.

Selected by C. G. McCulloch.

SOMEWHERE.

'T is always morning somewhere, little heart ;
Somewhere the sky is ever fair and blue.
No night can wrap in darkness all the world,
Some rift the sun is ever shining through.

There's always happiness somewhere, sad
heart ;
Somewhere is always love and hope and
cheer.

No sorrow can forever hide God's smile,
No life is toil and grief from birth to bier.
Look up and bide with patience then, dear
heart ;

The sacred promise of the dawn is true.
Beyond the cloud a glad new day shall rise,
And what of joy is yours will come to you.

Fessie C. Glasier.

Selected by Mrs. E. P. Goodwin.

GOD'S GIFTS TO THEE.

Our Heavenly Father's gift to thee
Is this fair world from sky to sea ;
Where Spring, with magic touch unseen,
Clothes the earth with robe of green ;
And the laughing brook by her touch is free
From Winter's ice-bound captivity.

And whether we walk by singing stream,
Or in forests clad in emerald green,
Or turn to the fields of waving grain,
Our hearts break forth in glad refrain ;
And we sing all day, where'er we go,
"Praise God from whom all blessing flow !"

And this dear Land, with beauty fraught,
Has held for each some hallowed spot,
Where hearts aglow with faith and love,
Mirrored the Heavenly home above ;
Sweet fellowships of love and thought,
Beside which all things else are naught.

But even this is smallest part
Of all the gifts of God's great heart.
For us He gave His only Son,
That hearts to Him might all be won.
This love divine, so rich and free,
Is God's best gift to thee and me.

Mrs. C. W. Earle.

Contributed by the author.

I would not have the restless will,
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be dealt with as a child,
And guided where to go.

Miss A. L. Waring.

The lives which seem so poor, so low,
The hearts which are so cramped and dull,
The baffled hopes, the impulse slow,
Thou takest, touchest all, and lo !
They blossom to the beautiful.

Susan Coolidge.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching, wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes,
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

A. L. Waring.

We take, with solemn thankfulness,
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
But count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done.

John G. Whittier.

JUST AS I AM.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
My fears within and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, Thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott.

SWEETLY SING THE LOVE OF JESUS!

Sweetly sing the love of Jesus!

Love for you, and love for me ;
Heaven's light is not more cheering,
Heaven's dews are not more free.

As a child in pain or terror,
Hides him in his mother's breast,
As a sailor seeks the haven,
We would come to Him for rest.

Gladly sing the love of Jesus !
Let us lean upon His arm ;
If He loves us, what can grieve us ?
If He keeps us, what can harm ?

Still He lays His hand in blessing
On each timid little face,
And in heaven the children's angels
Near the throne have always place.

Death's cold wave need not affright us,
When we know that he has died ;
When we see the face of Jesus,
Smiling on the other side !

Virginia Terhune.

Selected by C. G. McCulloch.

God, even our Father, which hath loved us,
And given us everlasting consolation and
hope,

Comfort your hearts and stablish you
In every good word and work.— *Bible.*

Selected by C. G. McCulloch.

A DREARY PLACE.

A dreary place would be this earth
Were there no little people in it :
The song of life would lose its mirth
Were ~~there~~ no children in it.

No little forms, like buds to grow
And make the admiring heart surrender ;
No little hands on breast or brow,
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

No babe within our arms to leap,
No little feet toward slumber tending ;
No little knee in prayer to bend,
Our lips the sweet words lending.

* * * * *

The sterner souls would get more stern,
Unfeeling natures more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn
And woman would be less than woman.

For in that clime toward which we reach,
Through time's mysterious dim unfolding,
The little ones with cherub smile
Are still our Father's face beholding.

So said His voice in whom we trust,
When in Judea's realm a preacher,
He made a child confound the proud,
And be in simple guise their teacher.

From Dr. F. A. Noble's Sermon.

AT EVEN, ERE THE SUN WAS SET.

At evening, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay ;
O, in what divers pains they met,
O, with what joy they went away.

Once more 't is eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near ;
What if Thy form we cannot see ?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour, Christ, our woes dispel ;
For some are sick, and some are sad ;
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin ;
And they who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour, Christ, Thou too art man ;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

Henry Twells.

Hospital Lyrics.

We must plan for time, but prepare for
eternity.

Hannah More.

IS IT NOT WONDERFUL?

Do you really think it wonderful
That He leads us on our way?
That we see His hand directing us
In the dealings of the day?
Oh, it seems to me so like the Lord,
To be near us hour by hour;
For His love delights in blessing us
Whene'er He has the power.

Do you really think it wonderful
That He pardons all who cry,
When He says He waits to welcome us
With a song for every sigh?
When we know His heart of tenderness,
When we know the joy He feels,
When His lips can say, "I pardon Thee,"
When His hand that pardon seals?

Do you really think it wonderful
That the Faithful One should do
The wondrous things, the many things,
That He has promised to?
'T is wonderful what He promises!
'T is wonderful what He says!
But I cannot think it wonderful
When His promised word He pays.

Herald of Mercy.

Only the new days are our own;
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Susan Coolidge.

ALONE WITH MY CONSCIENCE.

I was sitting alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased,
And we talked of my former living
In the lands where the years increased ;
And I felt I should have to answer
The question it put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.
The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might ;
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face. . . .
And I thought of a far-away warning
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that was then the future,
But now is the present time. . . .
Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by,
For it was but the thought of my past life
Grown into eternity.
Then I woke from my timely dreaming
And the vision passed away,
And I knew the far-away warning
Was a warning of yesterday ;
And I pray that I may not forget it,
In this land before the grave,
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.

WHEN GATHERING CLOUDS.

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain :
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do ;
Still, He who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me, for a little while,
Thou Saviour, markest the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And, O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging watch beside
My painful bed,— for Thou hast died :
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Robert Grant,

Selected by Mrs. A. C. Nevins.

THE TONE OF VOICE.

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it ;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tones in which you convey it.

“Come here !” I sharply said,
And the baby cowered and wept ;
“Come here !” I cooed, and he looked and
smiled,
And straight to my lap he crept.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart ;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tones may break the heart.

For words but come from the mind,
And grow by study and art ;
But the tones leap forth from the inner self,
And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not —
Whether you mean or care —
Gentleness, kindness, love, and hate,
Envy and anger are there.

Then would you quarrels avoid,
And in peace and love rejoice,
Keep anger not only out of your words,
But keep it out of your voice.

Youth's Companion.

A LITTLE BIRD I AM.

A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air ;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there ;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee.

Naught else have I to do ;
I sing the whole day long ;
And He whom most I love to please,
Doth listen to my song ;
He caught and bound my wandering
wing,
But still he bends to hear me sing.

My cage confines me round ;
Abroad I cannot fly ;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.
My prison-walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of my soul.

O, it is good to soar,
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love ;
And in thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

Madame Guyon.

COME, MY SOUL.

Come, my soul, thou must be waking,
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day :
Come, to Him who made the splendor,
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

Gladly hail the sun returning ;
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers :
For the night is safely ended ;
God hath tended
With his care thy helpless hours.

Think that He thy ways beholdeth,
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within :
He the shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

Mayest thou, on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet :
And relieved from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness
That far brighter sun to meet.

Baron von Careitz.

Selected by Mrs. C. W. Earle.

STILL, STILL WITH THEE.

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning
breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows
flee ;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the day-
light,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am
with Thee.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn trust of nature, newly born ;
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil to
slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer,
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'er-
shadowing,
But, sweeter still, to wake and find Thee
there.

So shall it be at last in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and the shadows
flee ;
O that in that hour, and fairer than day's
dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am
with Thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

ISOBEL'S CHILD.

Dear Lord, dear Lord !
Thou who didst not erst deny
The mother joy to Mary mild ;
Blessed in the blessed Child. . . .
Oh ! take not, Lord, my babe away. . . .
Think, God, among the cherubim,
How I shall shiver every day
In Thy June sunshine, knowing where
The grave-grass keeps it from his fair
Still cheeks ! and feel, at any tread,
His little body which is dead,
And hidden in the turfy fold,
Doth make Thy whole warm earth a-cold !
O God, I am so young — so young —
I am not used to tears at nights
Instead of slumber,— not to prayer —
With sobbing lips, and hands outwrung !
Thou knowest all my prayers were,
“ I bless Thee, God, for past delights —
Thank God ! ” I am not used to bear
Hard thoughts of death. . . .
I changed the cruel prayer I made,
And bowed my meekened head and
prayed
That God would do His will ! and thus
He did it !— friends, He parted us ;
. . . And I am calm ;
And heaven is harkening a new psalm.

Mrs. E. B. Browning.

"THE PENNY YE MEANT TO GI'E."

There's a funny tale of a stingy man,
Who was none too good, but might have
been worse,

Who went to his church on Sunday night,
And carried along his well-filled purse.

When the sexton came with his begging
plate,

* * * * *

The stingy man fumbled all thro' his purse,
And chose a coin by touch and not sight.

It's an odd thing now that guineas should be
So like unto pennies in shape and size.

"I'll give a penny," the stingy man said,
"The poor must not gifts of pennies de-
spise."

* * * * *

Ha! ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,
To see the gold guinea fall into his plate!
Ha! ha! how the stingy man's heart was
wrung,

Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!

"No matter," he said, "in the Lord's amount
That guinea of gold is set down to me."

* * * * *

"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton cried,
"The Lord is na cheated — He kens thee
well,

He knew it was only by accident

That out o' thy fingers the guinea fell!"

H. H., in St. Nicholas.

Selected by Rev. G. V. Blake.

WHEN ON MY DAY OF LIFE THE NIGHT
IS FALLING.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds, from unsunned spaces
blown,

I hear far voices, out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou, who hast made my home of life so
pleasant,

Leave not its tenant when its walls decay ;
O love Divine, O Helper, ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay !

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's picture, day of shade
and shine,

And kindly faces to my own, uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father ! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me, then, to comfort and uphold ;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven, through Thy abounding
grace,

I find myself by hands familiar, beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

John G. Whittier.

Selected by C. G. McCulloch.

THE CLOSING BENEDICTION.

The peace which God bestows,
Through Him who died and rose,
The peace the Father giveth through the Son,
Be known in every mind,
The broken heart to bind,
And bless each traveler as he journeys on.

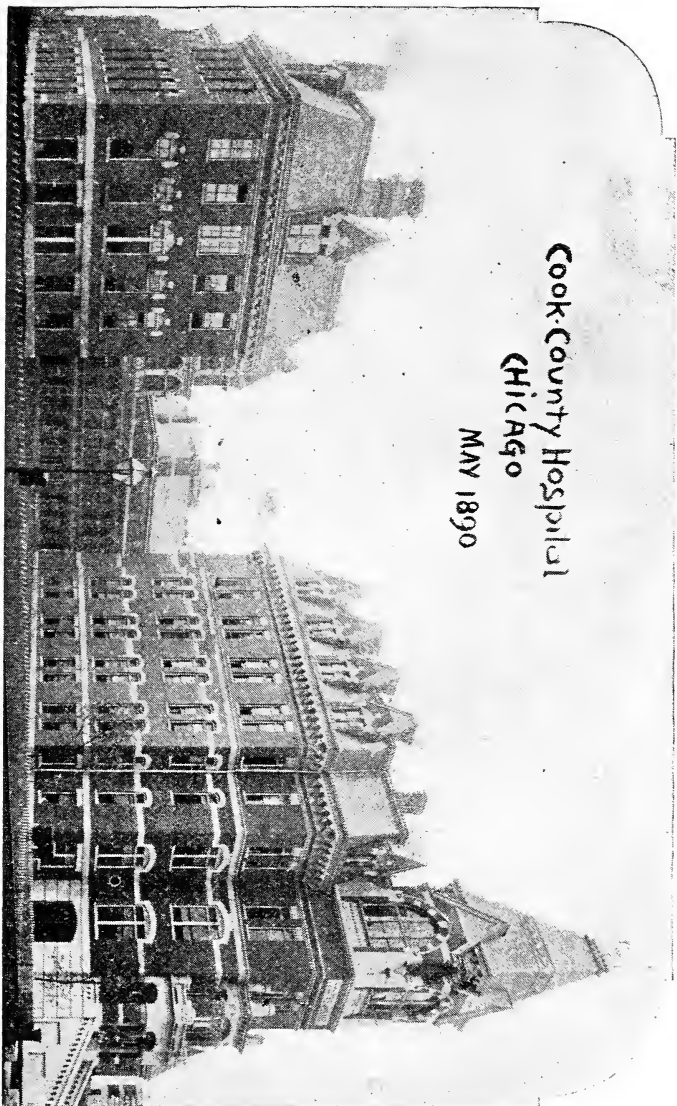
Ye who have known to weep,
Where your beloved sleep,
Ye who have raised the deep, the bitter cry,
God's blessing be as balm,
The fevered soul to calm,
And wondrous peace the troubled mind supply.

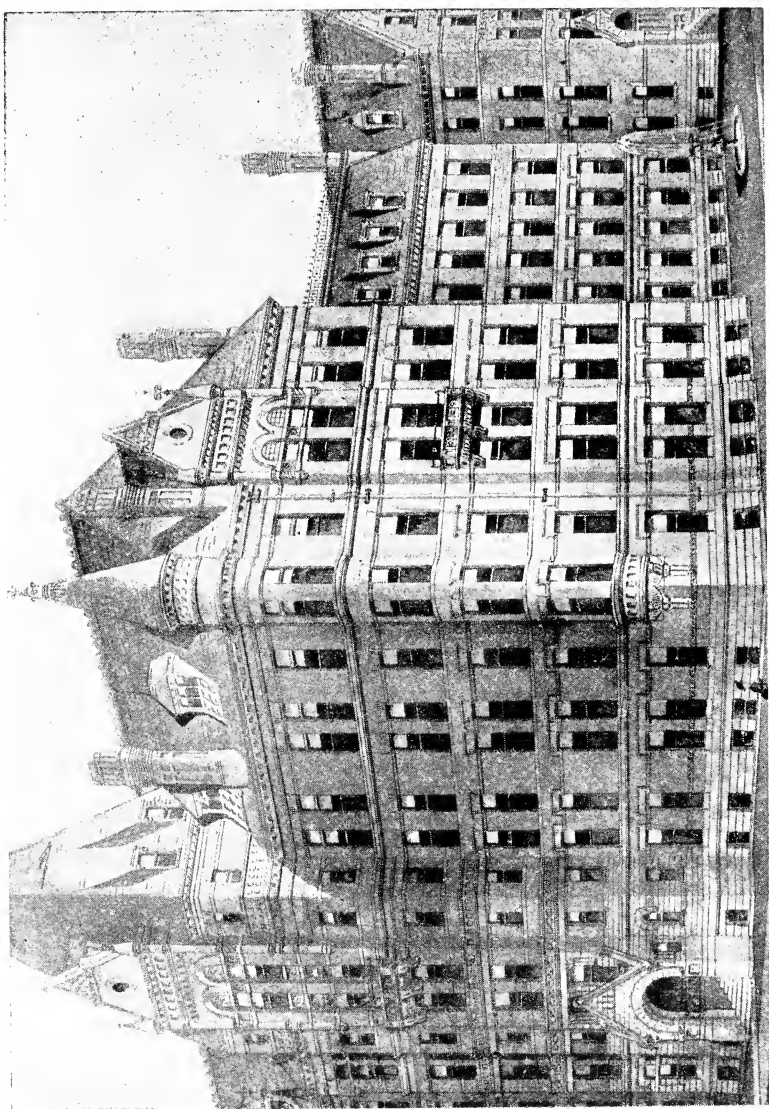
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Parents, whose thoughts afar,
Turn where your children are,
In their still graves, or beneath foreign skies,
This hour, God's blessing come,
Cheer the deserted home,
And peace, with dove-like wings, around you
rise.

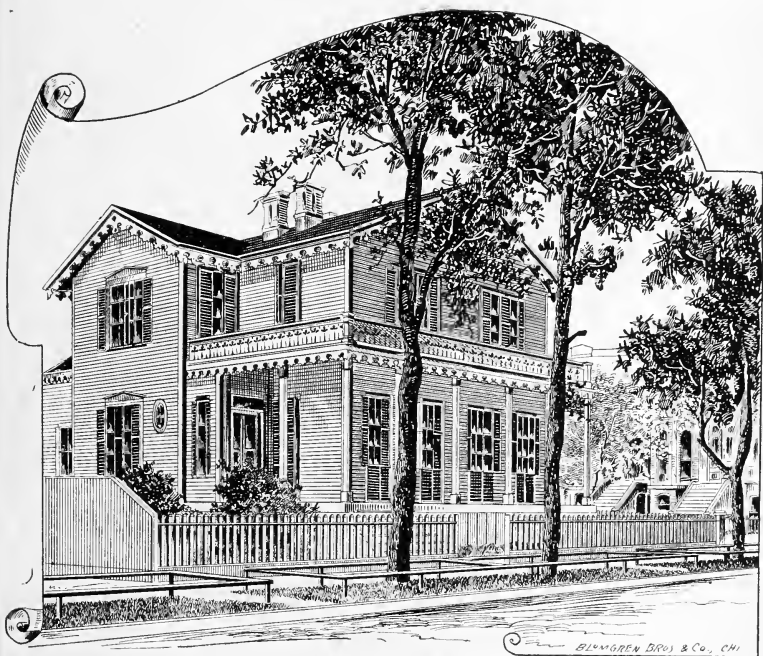
Ere this week's strife begin,
The war without, within,
The God of love, with spirit and with power,
Now on each bended head,
His wondrous blessing shed,
And keep you all through every troubled
hour. *Amen.*

Cook-County Hospital
CHICAGO
MAY 1890



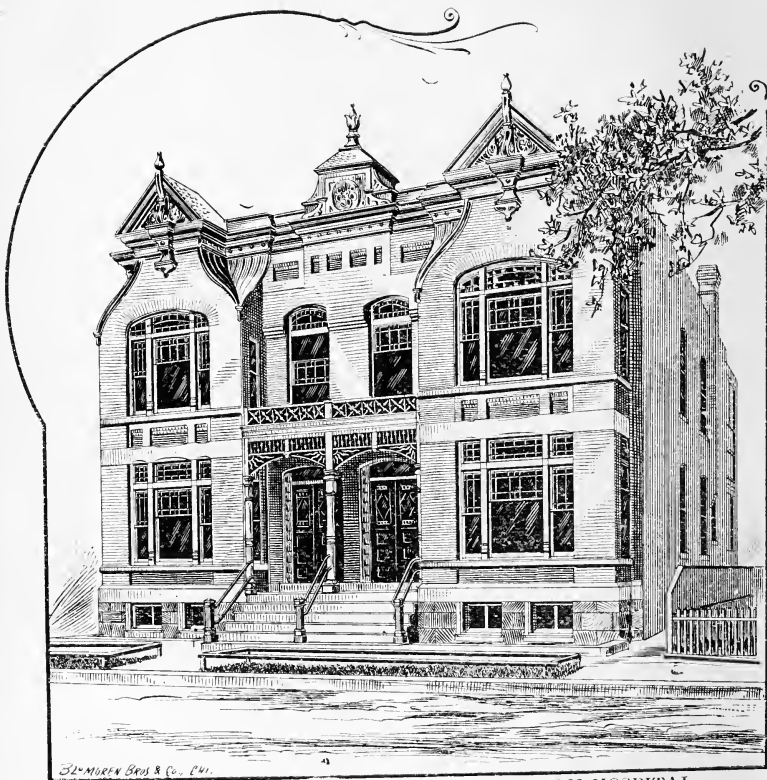


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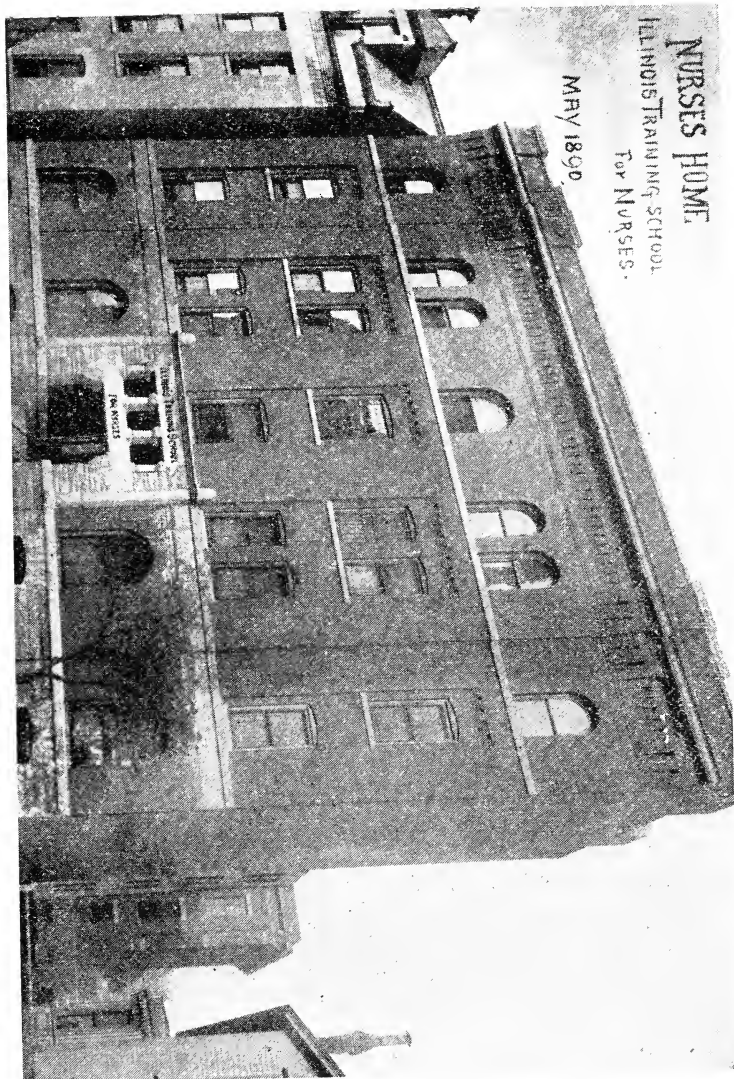
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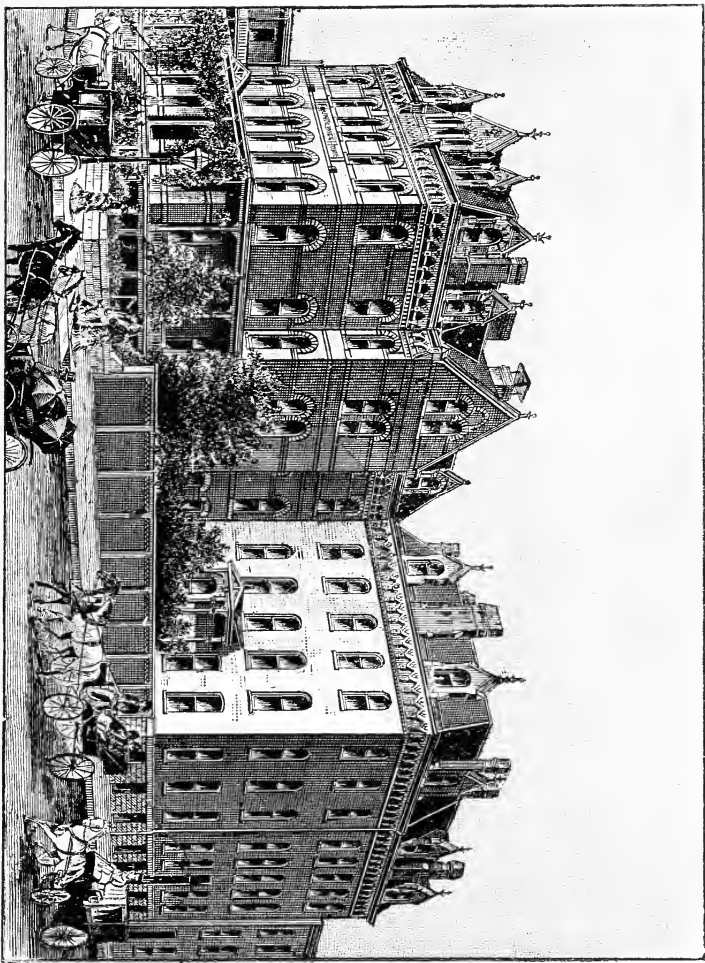
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ILLINOIS TRAINING SCHOOL
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MAY 1890.





ILLINOIS CHARITABLE EYE AND EAR INFIRMARY.



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HOSPITAL

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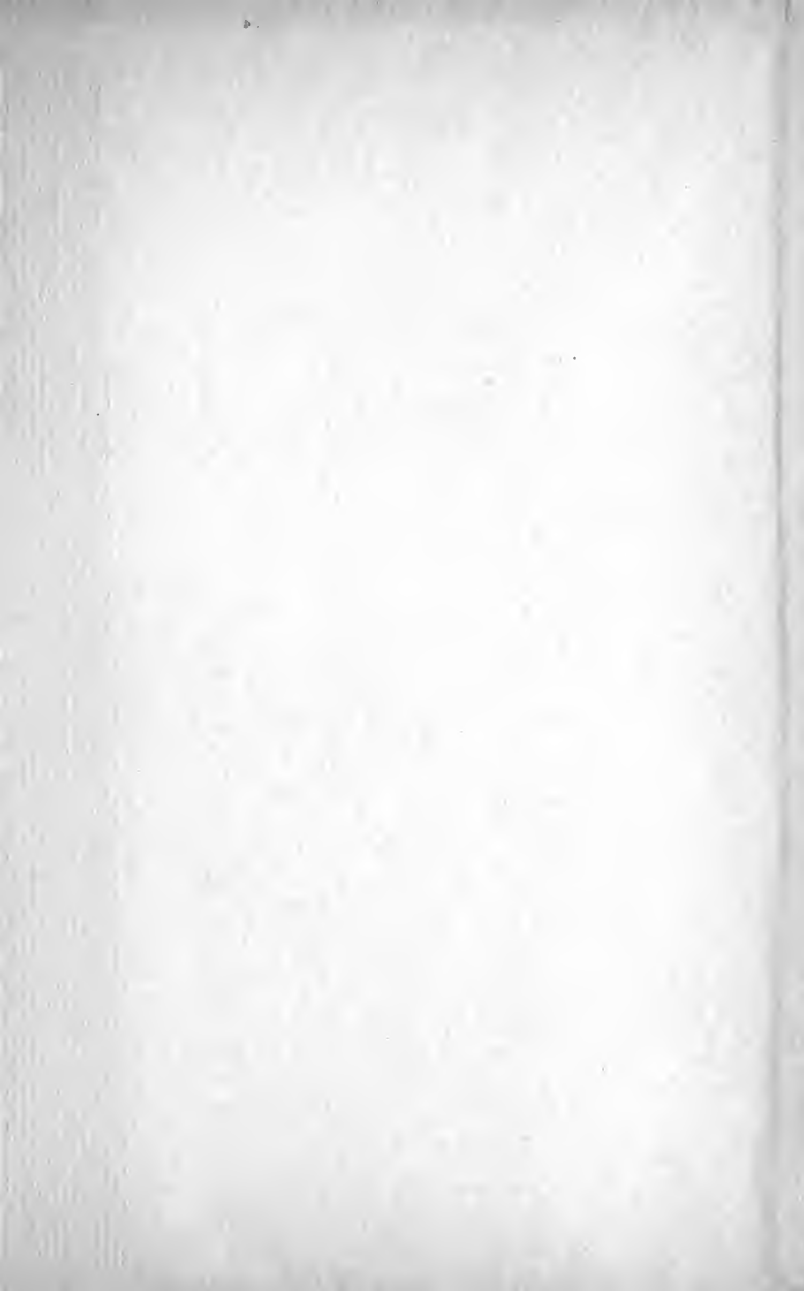
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